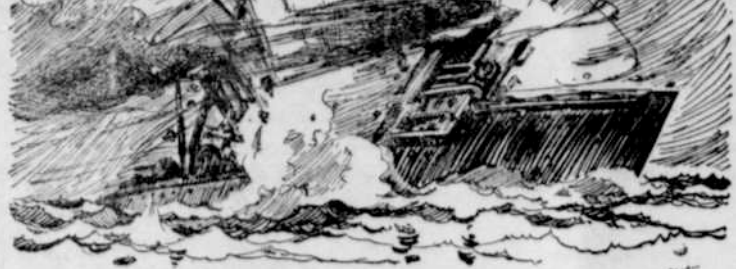


# DANGER

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



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This remarkable story was finished by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle last May just before his visit to America. He wrote it as a last anxious warning to England before she embarked upon another war. And the war came sooner than even he had feared.

## SYNOPSIS.

A European power faces a disastrous war with England. Captain John Smith tells his king of a plan which will bring England to her knees. He goes to the British coast with a submarine.

## CHAPTER II.

### A Career of Destruction.

I KEPT the engines running at the lowest pace which would hold our position under water, and, moving slowly across the estuary, I waited for what must assuredly come. I had not long to wait. Shortly after 1 o'clock I perceived in the periscope a cloud of smoke to the south. Half an hour later a large steamer raised her hull, making for the mouth of the Thames. I ordered Vernal to stand by the starboard torpedo tube, having the other also loaded in case of a miss. Then I advanced slowly, for though the steamer was going very swiftly we could easily cut her off. Presently I laid the lota in a position near which she must pass and would very gladly have lain to, but could not for fear of rising to the surface. I therefore fired out in the direction from which she was coming. She was a very large ship, 15,000 tons at the least, painted black above and red below, with two cream-colored funnels. She lay so low in the water that it was clear she had a full cargo. At her bows were a cluster of men, some of them looking, I dare say, for the first time at the mother country. How little could they have guessed the welcome that was awaiting them!

On she came with the great plumes of smoke floating from her funnels and two white waves foaming from her cutwater. She was within a quarter of a mile. My moment had arrived. I signaled full speed ahead and steered straight for her course. My thinking

They quartered the whole river mouth until they discovered us at last. Some sharp sighted fellow with a telescope on board of a destroyer got a sight of our periscope and came for us full speed. No doubt he would very gladly have rammed us, even if it had meant his own destruction, but that was not part of our program at all. I sank her and ran her east-southeast, with an occasional rise. Finally we brought her to, not very far from the Kentish coast, and the searchlights of pursuers were far on the western sky line. There we lay quietly all night, for a submarine at night is nothing more than a very third rate surface torpedo boat. Besides, we were all weary and needed rest. Do not forget, you captains of men, when you grease and trim your pumps and compressors and rotators, that the human machine needs some tending also.

I had put up the wireless mast above the conning tower and had no difficulty in calling up Captain Stephen. He was lying, he said, off Ventnor and had been unable to reach his station on account of engine trouble, which he had now set right. Next morning he proposed to block the Southampton approach. He had destroyed one large Indian boat on his way down channel. We exchanged good wishes. Like myself, he needed rest. I was up at 4 in the morning, however, and called all hands to overhauling the boat. She was somewhat up by the head, owing to the forward torpedoes having been used, so we trimmed her by opening the forward compensating tank, admitting as much water as the torpedoes had weighed. We also overhauled the starboard air compressor and one of the periscope motors, which had been jarred by the shock of the first explosion. We had hardly got ourselves shipshape when the morning dawned.

I have no doubt that a good many ships which had taken refuge in the French ports at the first alarm had run across and got safely up the river in the

They had some good system of signaling from the shore, however, for I had not got to the North Foreland before three destroyers came foaming after me, all converging from different directions. They had about as good a chance of catching me as three spaniels would of overtaking a porpoise. Out of pure bravado—I know it was very wrong—I waited until they were actually within gunshot. Then I sank.

It is, as I have said, a shallow, sandy coast, and submarine navigation is very difficult. The worst mishap that can befall a boat is to bury its nose in the side of a sand drift and be held there. Such an accident might have been the end of our boat, though with our fluency cylinders and electric lamps we should have found no difficulty in getting out at the air dock and in walking ashore across the bed of the ocean. As it was, however, I was able, thanks to our excellent charts, to keep the channel and so to gain the open strait. There we rose about midday, but, observing a hydroplane at no great distance, we sank again for half an hour. When we came up for the second time all was peaceful around us, and the English coast was lying the whole western horizon. We kept outside the Goodwin and straight down channel until we saw a line of black dots in front of us, which I knew to be the Dover-Calais torpedo boat cordon. When two miles distant we dived and came up again seven miles to the southwest without one of them dreaming that we had been within thirty feet of their keels.

When we rose a large steamer flying the German flag was within half a mile of us. It was the North German Lloyd steamer, from New York to Bremen. I raised our whole hull and dipped our flag to her. It was amusing to see the amazement of her people at what they must have regarded as our unparalleled impudence in those English swept waters. They cheered us heartily, and the tricolor flag was



We Caught Her Amidships, and the Explosion Was Tremendous.

night. Of course I could have attacked them, but I do not care to take risks, and there are always risks for a submarine at night. But one had miscalculated his time, and there she was just about to disclose her lota to us. In an instant we were after her. It was a near thing, for she was a flier and could do two miles to our one. But we just reached her as she went swishing by. She saw us at the last moment, for I attacked her awash, since otherwise we could not have had the pace to reach her. She swung away, and the first torpedo missed, but the second took her full under the counter. Heavens, what a smash! The whole stern seemed to go aloft. I drew off and watched her sink. She went down in seven minutes, leaving her masts and funnels over the water and a cluster of her people holding on to them. She was the Virginia of the Bibby line, 12,000 tons, and laden, like the others, with foodstuffs from the east. The whole surface of the sea was covered with the floating grain. "John Bull will have to take up a hole or two of his belt if this goes on," said Vernal as we watched the scene.

And it was at that moment that the very worst danger occurred that could befall us. I tremble now when I think how our chlorine engine might have been ripped in the bud. I had freed the hatch of my tower and was looking at the boats of the Virginia with Vernal beside me, when there was a swish and a terrific splash in the water beside us, which covered us both with spray. We looked up, and lo! an aeroplane hovering a few hundred feet above us like a hawk. With its silence it was perfectly noiseless, and had its bomb not fallen into the sea we should never have known what had destroyed us. She was circling round in the hope of dropping a second one, but we shored on all speed ahead, crammed down the rudders and vanished into the side of a roller. I kept the deflection indicator falling until I had put fifty good feet of water between the aeroplane and ourselves, for I knew well how deep they can see under the surface. However, we soon threw her off our track, and when we came to the surface near Margate there was no sign of her.

There was not a ship in the offing save a few small coasters and little thousand ton steamers, which were beneath my notice. For several hours I lay submerged with a blank periscope. Then I had an inspiration. Orders had been marooned to every food ship to lie in French waters and dash across after dark. I was as sure of it as if they had been recorded in our own receiver. Well, if they were there that was where I should be also. I blew out the tanks and rose, for there was no sign of any warship near.

dipped in greeting as they went roaring past us. Then I stood in to the French coast. It was exactly as I had expected. There were three great British steamers lying at anchor in Boulogne, outer harbor. They were the Caesar, the King of the East and the Pathfinder, none less than 10,000 tons. I suppose they thought they were safe in French waters, but what did I care about three mile limits and international law? The view of my government was that England was blockaded, food contraband and vessels carrying it to be destroyed. The lawyers could argue about it afterward. My business was to starve the enemy any way I could. Within an hour the three ships were under the waves, and the lota was steaming down the Picardy coast looking for fresh victims.

(To be continued next week)

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## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Reported for The Herald by the Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

Coquille Land Co to City of Coquille deed right of way for water pipe line near Coquille \$65.00

C E McCurdy et ux to city of Coquille deed right of way for water pipe line near Coquille \$5.00

W P Grandy to I A Otto w d lots 2 3 and 4 sec 3 twp 30 s r 12 w m also sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 sec 34 twp 29 s r 12 w m \$10.00

I A Otto to Frank A Pierson et ux w d lots 2 3 and 4 sec 3 twp 30 s r 12 w m & sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 sec 34 twp 29 s r 12 w m \$10.00

Clara A Pierson et ux to E J Michael w d sec 1 of sec 3 twp 30 s r 12 w m \$10.00

Rosetta White et vir to Geo Owens q c d lots 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 blk 50 Portland add to Bandon \$5.00

Robt Sturdivant et ux to I A Otto w d 2 acres in sec 4 sec 9 twp 29 s r 12 w m \$10.00

F C Saul to W D Greenough deed lot 6 blk 3 Marshfield Heights \$10.00

Augusta Landin to Elvira A Burness w d 1/2 interest in nw 1/4 of ne 1/4 sec 36 twp 24 s r 11 w m & sec 1 of sec 16 twp 24 s r 12 w m \$10.00

Ella M Logan et vir to J F Auer et ux w d 1/2 of sw 1/4 of nw 1/4 & part of nw 1/4 of sec 27 and e 1/2 of nw 1/4 sec 34 twp 28 s r 14 w m \$10.00

F L Pierce to North Lake Pavilion Association w d 1 square acre in sec corner of nw 1/4 of ne 1/4 sec 10 twp 23 s r 12 w m \$10.00

Dellroy Barker et ux to Tim D Barry w d 1/2 of nw 1/4 & n 1/2 of sw 1/4 sec 24 twp 32 s r 11 w m \$400.00

C S Winger et ux to Geo A Lund deed timber on lots 9 10 11 & 14 sec 6 & lot 1 sec 7 twp 25 s r 10 w m \$10.00

Old Fellows Cemetery Corporation to Amanda Peterson deed lots 10 & 11 blk 48 Odd Fellows cemetery, Marshfield \$18.00

Mary E Noble to Claude Noble et al lease 1/2 of lots 1 and 4 blk 16 Halls Plat of Marshfield \$5.00

The M H Terminal & Investment Co. to R Von Shipman w d sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 sec 22 twp 25 s r 13 w m \$1000.00

Elmer A Todd et ux to Festus C Walter et al deed n 1/2 of lot 4 sec 29 twp 26 s r 14 w m \$10.00

Coquille Lodge No 53 I O O F to Ernest Plep w d lot 23 Coquille Lodge No 53 I O O F Cemetery \$10.00

Lillie Perry et al to Sarah Ann Haugilton et al w d 1/2 of sw 1/4 sec 29 twp 28 s r 12 w m except 10 acres \$100.00

Albert Matthews et ux to H O Nettleton w d lot 128 Wheeler's subdivision \$100.00

Geo A Thomson et ux to F E Allen et al s w d lots 17 18 & 19 blk 24 railroad add to Marshfield \$10.00

J J Simpson et ux to Simpson Lumber Co q c d lot 7 blk 14 North Bend \$1.00

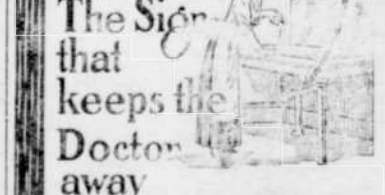
Fred Krokstad to Rachael Olie West w d lots 13 & 14 blk 19 Bank add to North Bend \$10.00

J O Stemmler to Katherine Stemmler q c d lots 1 & 2 blk 25 Border & Benders add to Myrtle Point \$10.00

C E Broadbent et ux to Katherine Stemmler q c d lots 1 & 2 blk 25 Border & Benders add to Myrtle Point \$100.00

Abraham Van Zile to Willamette Pacific R R Co w d lots 1 & 2 blk A Elk Park add to Lakeside \$75.00

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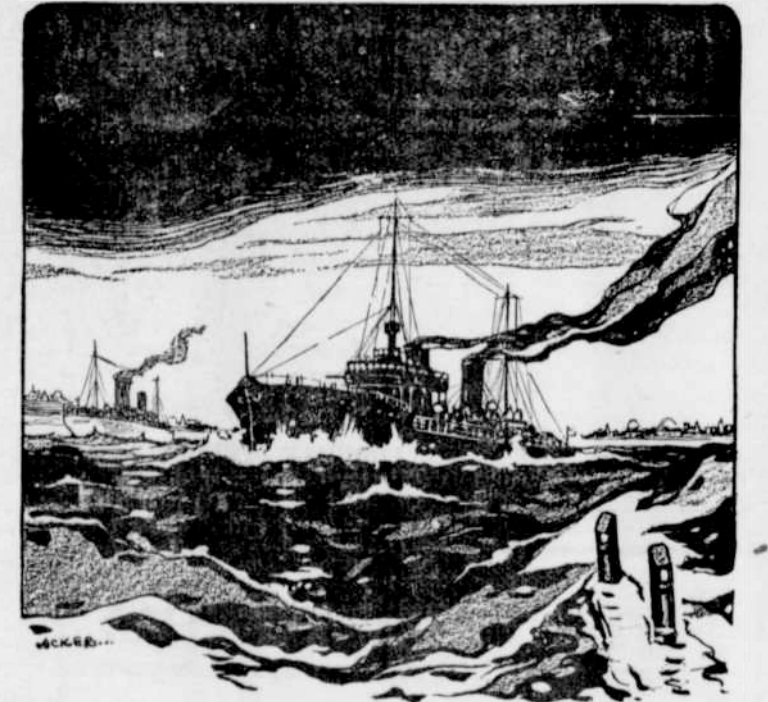
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was exact. At a hundred yards I gave the signal and heard the clank and swish of the discharge. At the same instant I put the helm hard down and flew off at an angle. There was a terrific burst, which came from the distant explosion. For a moment we were almost upon our side. Then, after staggering and trembling, the lota came on an even keel. I stopped the engines, brought her to the surface and opened the conning tower, while all my excited crew came crowding to the hatch to know what had happened.

The ship lay within 200 yards of us, and it was easy to see that she had her deathblow. She was already settling down by the stern. There was a sound of shouting and people running wildly about her decks. Her name was visible, the *Adela* of London. bound, as we afterward learned, from New Zealand with frozen mutton. Strange as it may seem to you, the notion of a submarine had never, even now, occurred to her people, and all were convinced that they had struck a floating mine. The starboard quarter had been blown in by the explosion, and the ship was sinking rapidly. Their discipline was admirable. We saw boat after boat slip down crowded with people as swiftly and quietly as if it were part of their daily drill. And suddenly, as one of the boats lay off waiting for the others, they caught a glimpse for the first time of my conning tower so close to them. I saw them shouting and pointing, while the men in the other boats got up to have a better look at us. For my part, I cared nothing, for I took it for granted that they already knew that a submarine had destroyed them. One of them clambered back into the sinking ship. I was sure that he was about to send

carried out that which he plans. It was a bad afternoon for the P. and O. company. The second ship which we destroyed was, as we have since learned, the *Mokadva*, of 15,000 tons, one of their finest vessels. But about half past 3 we blew up the *Cusco*, of 8,000 tons, of the same line, also from eastern ports and laden with corn. Why she came on in face of the wireless messages, which must have warned her of danger, I cannot imagine. The other two steamers which we blew up that day, the *Maid* of Athens (Robson line) and the *Coromant*, were neither of them provided with apparatus and came blindly to their destruction. Both were small boats of from 5,000 to 7,000 tons. In the case of the second I had to rise to the surface and fire six twelve-pound shells under her water line before she would sink. In each case the crew took to the boats, and so far as I know, no casualties occurred.

After that no more steamers came along, nor did I expect them. Warnings must by this time have been flying in all directions. But we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our first day. Between the Maplin sands and the Nore we had sunk five ships of a total tonnage of about 50,000 tons. Already the London markets would begin to feel the pinch. And Lloyd's—poor old Lloyd's—what a demented state it would be in! I could imagine the London evening papers and the howling in Fleet street. We saw the result of our actions, for it was quite laughable to see the torpedo boats buzzing like angry wasps out of Sheerness in the evening. They were darting in every direction across the estuary, and the aeroplanes and hydroplanes were like flights of crows, black dots against the red western sky.